

OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH." SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME II.]

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 5, 1826.

[NUMBER 79.

THE REFLECTOR.

THE S. B. & T.—AN EXTRACT.

On this day of rest you may enter into an examination of yourselves, and learn the moral condition of your souls. You may inquire into your actions during the past week, and, your hearts not condemning you, you may have confidence towards God. If you are humbled by the review of many deficiencies and defects, you may be induced to form effectual resolutions of more vigorous application to your duty in future, and to set the necessary guard against the temptations by which you are the most powerfully assailed. Never, then, I entreat you, never let this day pass in sloth and idleness; spend it not in a manner worse than idleness, in corrupting visits, and licentious practices. Are you sufficiently apprized of the advantages attending the public institutions of our religion? Esteem it not a light thing, that you are permitted to assemble with the people of God, to offer the public sacrifice of praise, and thanks to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, for life and health, for success in the labour of your hands, and for the capacity of enjoying the goods you possess; to confess your unworthiness in the Divine presence, & to implore the pardon of your sins through the Mediator; to supplicate from that gracious Being, in whose hand your life is, and whose are all your ways—a blessing on the house and on the field, and assistance in the performance of those services on which eternal life is suspended. Do you deem it no privilege, that you are permitted to attend weekly lectures from the pulpit upon the character and government of God, upon the immortality of the soul, and the rewards and punishments of the invisible world; to hear the doctrines of the gospel explained, its duties inculcated, and its motives, in all their variety and persuasive influence, addressed to the human mind? If you neglect these means of spiritual improvement, can you entertain the expectation of becoming wise to the salvation of your souls? Attend, then, habitually the public worship enjoined on the Sabbath. This attendance will soon become your delight; and, in answer to your petitions for attainments in the divine life, you may confidently hope for the benediction of God.

A FRAGMENT.

Among the various evils which stalk amid the haunts of men, there is one demon of destruction, whose march, sure as time, impetuous as the cataract, and merciless as the grave, desolates the fairest valley of the universe, and lays prostrate the noblest structure of creation. At his approach the towering wings of genius are paralyzed; the torch of reason becomes extinct, the fire of ambition expires, the smile of philanthropy is lost in the cloud of conscious degradation, the rose of health is blanched, the lustre of the eyes is dimmed, and the flowers of domestic love, and hope, and joy, are withered forever. His name is INTEMPERANCE. His flowers are shame and remorse, poverty, disease, infamy, and death. And does not man retreat with dismay from this dark, malignant, and un pitying enemy? Who would not avoid exhalations of the vapors, or fly from the dreadful Sample of the Arabian deserts? none, none in the universe! and yet, oh, inconceivable madness! how many, with dauntless confidence, embrace this demon of Intemperance; this destroyer of all that is fair and lovely in the soul, this pestilence that walketh in darkness, and wasteth at noon-day. Awake! oh man, from thy dangerous lethargy; thy senses are locked in a fearful charm, and thou smildest in the slumber of the monster whose breath is consuming thee!

Hast thou friends? Wilt thou doom them to mourn over thy faded form, thy blighted mind, thy decayed energies!—Hast thou children? Canst thou smother the noble aspirations of their youth with disgrace and infamy!

RESERVATION.—The most remarkable and astonishing instance of human resignation I ever remember to have met with, is to be found in the conduct of the exemplary Archbishop Fenton. When his illustrious and hopeful pupil, the Duke of Burgundy, if I mistake not, lay dead in his coffin, and the nobles of his court, in all the pomp of silent sadness stood weeping around, the Archbishop came into the apartment, and having fixed his eyes for some time on the corpse, broke out at length in terms to this effect:—“there is my beloved Prince, for whom my affection was equal to the tenderest regard of the tenderest parent. Nor was my affection to him, he loved me with the ardour of a son. There he lies and all my worldly happiness is dead with him, but if the turning of a straw would call him back to life, I would not, for ten thousand worlds, be the turner of that straw in opposition to the will of God.”

THE TRAVELLER.

FROM THE NEW-YORK STATESMAN.

CARTER'S LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

Manchester, 26th July, 1825.
The appearance of Manchester is not very prepossessing. It is built of brick, manufactured in the suburbs. The buildings are plain, and discoloured by the cloud of smoke, in which it is constantly enveloped. Some of the streets are handsome, and all of them much cleaner than could be anticipated from the pursuits of its population. None of its public buildings, except perhaps the Collegiate Church, are very peculiar, or striking. There is a beautiful Town Hall now going up in King's street, the design and architecture of which are chaste; but its location is bad, and it does not appear to advantage. The pleasantest part of the town is the crescent, on the Liverpool avenue, which presents a fine opening, embracing a view of nearly the whole borough, the windings of the Irwell, a small stream on which it stands, and the canal covered with boats.

On Sunday we went to St. Peter's Church, which is a plain structure. The chanting and singing are said to be the best in town. There was nothing in the least peculiar in the service or the sermon, except that the responses in the liturgy are sung instead of said. The politeness of the ladies to strangers was observed. As there was a deficiency of books in the pew to which a friend conducted us, our female neighbours on both sides, found the places and supplied each of us. Such little courtesies have frequently attracted our attention, and tripling as they may seem, convey an expression of civility and kindness.

The Collegiate Church is a curious specimen of the ancient Gothic. It is not however so striking as the Cathedral, or St. Mary's at Chester. Like those, it exhibits much rude and fantastic sculpture in its ornaments, and carries the mind back several centuries, both by its architecture and the monuments of the dead with which it is surrounded. The whole area is paved with tomb-stones, and any more interments within the enclosure are prohibited for twenty years. We were told, that forty couples sometimes appear before the altar at once, and are united in marriage by the same ceremony. In one instance, a gentleman among the crowd, and in the perturbation of the moment happened to take the hand of the wrong lady, and was actually wedded to her. The parson was obliged to tread back, and annul the holy vow. A gentleman informed us, that he had seen fifty infants receive the ordinance of baptism in a group, and that the squalling of so many children took away all solemnity from the rite. In populous places, it may sometimes be necessary to perform such ceremonies in the gross.

One of the largest piles of public buildings in the town is the Infirmary, standing at Piccadilly, in a central position. It is a plain structure of brick, with no other attractions than its conveniences. Its location is near a large sheet of artificial water, covering an acre or two, around which are pleasant promenades. The front of the edifice has an illuminated clock, which is a great convenience to the inhabitants at night. There is a fine suit of cold and warm baths, connected with the Infirmary, but likewise open to others. It is in all respects a useful institution, to which the sick and infirm of all descriptions, strangers as well as residents, have free access, with good medical attendance.

Not far from this, on Mosley-street, stands the Portico, a neat circular building of stone, two stories high, with a dome. It is designed as a literary and news room. The lower part is furnished with maps, charts, newspapers, pamphlets, periodicals, and other appertaining to the use of subscribers and strangers, whose names are entered in an Album, and who are afterwards admitted gratis. On the wall is an index, similar to the one in the Exchange at Liverpool, indicating the course of the wind. In the gallery, there is an extensive and well selected Library, with chambers for the use of visitors. The Exchange is at a little distance. It is a heavy Doric edifice, with a circular front, two stories high, and in most respects bears a strong resemblance to the Portico. The building is private, open only to subscribers, and persons introduced by them. It is not therefore a place, where much public business is transacted.

There are two theatres in the town, at one of which a part of an evening was passed, which was quite sufficient. The play was the Battle of Bannockburn. Hero after hero bit the dust in a manner the most ludicrous, and which turned the whole into broad farce. Not the least excusable part of the murderous work was that of mangling Bruce's Address—“Scots wha ha wi Wallace bled;” the high, harsh, and shrill notes of which emphatically “pierced the dull ear of night.” Although an advertisement upon the door promised the spectator, that strict order would be preserved, the galleries were extremely turbulent, and made the roof re-bellow, as some warrior tumbled down, and kicked up his heels. It is but justice to remark, that this is “the Minor Theatre,” although the papers informed us, that it is “fashionably attended;” and the papers of course never tell the world what is not true.

On Monday morning—the first opportunity that afforded—a letter from a friend at Liverpool was delivered to a resident at this place, which insured to us his hospitality and kindness, and enabled us to accomplish the great object we had in view, in our visit to Manchester—an examination of its cotton manufactories. At 10 o'clock this morning, he conducted us to an establishment for carding, spinning, sizing, and weaving cotton.

All these processes were carefully examined; and I am fully of the opinion, that both in point of machinery and skill in operation, the factory is far inferior to some of those of the same kind in our own country. The one we saw however, might not be as extensive or as perfect, as some others. Manufacturers are in some instances so wise, as to determine to keep the rest of the world in ignorance of ‘the hidden mysteries,’ particularly the Yankees, who it is feared will pilfer, or what is worse, improve upon their inventions. This spirit is illiberal and unfair. The Americans have contributed their full share to the mechanical improvements of the age, in the benefits of which England has freely and fully participated. Her navigable waters exhibit the triumphs of Fulton's genius, and the machinery in her manufactories evinces the ingenuity of our countrymen.

An instance occurred while we were at Manchester which shows how useless is such caution. Soon after our arrival, an acquaintance was formed with a gentleman at the same hotel, who is extensively engaged in a manufacture, in one of the eastern States. He has recently introduced an improvement in the spinning of cotton, and the invention is now in operation, by way of experiment at Manchester. In spite of all the difficulties and jealousies he was obliged to encounter, he has penetrated workshops of every description, and examined every operation deserving attention. To make sure of whatever he might have overlooked, he has carried away bodily, the skill of the manufacturer, in the person of the foreman of one of the principal establishments. At Manchester, there is another Yankee who has accumulated a princely fortune, chiefly by the variety of patterns he has introduced in calico-printing.

But the most enterprising and persevering of these adventurers, is a native of one of the western counties in the State of New-York, who was on the northern frontier and fought for his country during the late war. At its close, he beat his sword, not into the pruning-hook, but into an ingenious machine for cutting reeds. The same enthusiastic spirit, which led him to the lines, induced him to cross the ocean, and during his residence in this country, he has fought all “his battles o'er again,” enduring still greater hardships than the toils of the camp and the frosts of Canada. He related to us the whole history of his invention, and of his efforts in introducing it abroad, which would make a volume, comprising the adventures of Roderick Random, the sufferings of Baron Trenck, and the sentiment of Tristram Shandy. At a certain stage in his story, he produced a beautiful sword inscribed to Liberty, which he had prepared at the darkest period of his life, in readiness to embark for South America, in case his invention did not succeed. But a brighter prospect now gleams upon his path, and we found him “in the full tide of successful experiment,” on the road to wealth, blessed with occasional visitations of the muse, grateful to his benefactors, and warmly attached to the land of his nativity.

Through the influence of the gentleman, into whose hands it was our good fortune to fall, and as our object was known to be nothing beyond the gratification of curiosity, we experienced none of that illiberality of which others have so much complained. Having examined the process of spinning and weaving cotton, we next proceeded to the engraver's, where the rollers for printing calico are prepared. Free admission was granted to every branch of the business, and the several stages of it were politely pointed out. Different figures are made to order, as fashions change, or the interests of individuals dictate. The shop is filled with thousands of patterns. It requires some fancy to produce a new combination at present. The figure is first engraved upon steel stamps, and thence transferred to rollers of copper, about four feet in length. Some of the work is extremely delicate, requiring the use of the microscope.

From the engraver's, we followed the stamps to the printing establishment, and saw the machinery in operation. The process is simple and expeditious. Thousands of yards are printed in a day, with very little manual labor. The cloth passes through rollers, which are moved by steam and which feed themselves, taking the colouring matter from a trough beneath. A boy is sufficient to attend on a machine, and keep the cloth in order. Two colours only can be impressed by rollers. The process of putting on a variety of colours is more complicated and difficult, being entirely done by hand. It requires two persons to make the impression; one to replenish the sieve containing the colouring matter, and the other to use the stamp, which sometimes assumes the oddest shapes, resembling spiders, frogs, and other reptiles. In complex figures, the cloth passes through a dozen hands, before it receives the finishing

touch. It appeared to me, that there is much room for invention and improvement in this department, which would certainly be desirable, as hundreds of persons of both sexes are found in one of these manufactories, breathing an atmosphere at the temperature of 100 degrees, and inhaling the effluvia of the different dyes. Their countenances wear a sallow and sickly appearance.

In these work-shops for calico-printing is to be found one of the great sources of wealth to Great Britain. Hence in part, her ships are laden, and despatched to every quarter of the globe. The cottons we saw to-day in the hands of the manufacturer, will perhaps to-morrow be on their way to India, to the Baltic, or to America. The commerce of Manchester consists of little else than in vending these articles, and in supplying the raw material. As nearly as could be ascertained, the profits of merchants and agents are about 10 per cent. They pass through many hands, before reaching the consumer, and each change enhances the price.

At 5 o'clock this afternoon we dined very pleasantly with a small party, at the hospitable mansion of the gentleman, who had kindly devoted to us so much of his time and attention during the day. He has an agreeable family. Both himself and lady were in the United States last summer, and in the course of conversation it was found, that we had travelled together from Boston to New-York, without becoming acquainted. After dinner, our friend, (for such he has proved to us,) gave another proof of his politeness in taking a long walk to Palace Inn, where seats were taken in the coach for Bakewell, (Derbyshire,) to leave at 6 o'clock the next morning. The evening has passed in the little circle of our new acquaintances, one of whom we hope to meet on the continent in November, and another, after our return to the United States. By way of a valedictory, one of the party played a number of plaintive airs upon his flute, and among the rest, “sweet home,” which gave us some idea of the influence ascribed to the national song of the Swiss.

Marriage of the Marquis of Wellesley,

LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

The marriage of the Lord Lieutenant to the accomplished and beautiful Mrs. Patterson, an American lady, appears to have excited the universal felicitations of the citizens of Dublin to the noble Marquis. The ceremony which took place on Saturday, was in the first instance, performed by his Grace the Protestant Primate. The bride was given away by the Bishop of Raphoe, and the marriage was afterwards solemnized by his Grace the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin. A great number of distinguished individuals were present. “The Irish Court,” says the *Dublin Morning Register*, “it is said, will be extremely gay during the winter. Upon many accounts we rejoice at this, and not the less, as we understand that it is the determination of the new Lady Lieutenant, who, with her attendant Ladies, were habited during the ceremony in white tabinet of Irish manufacture, to give an impulse to Irish trade of every description, such as it has not experienced for years before. We are likewise informed, that her Excellency intends to patronize our national Theatre.” [Mrs. Patterson is the daughter of Richard Caton, Esq. formerly of Liverpool, but now of Baltimore, in the United States of America.]—*Liverpool paper*.

WEALTH, PRODIGALITY, POVERTY.

Mrs. Long Wellesley lately died in England, the victim of unfortunate marriage. When in the bloom of youth and beauty, and worth an estate which yielded, it is said, the almost incredible annual income of \$189,000, she was wedded to Mr. Long Wellesley, by whom she had several children. In a few years, by the course of life he led, he became insolvent. She retired from fashionable life on a remnant of her property which was unattachable, more than half of the income of which she allowed her husband, who withdrew to the continent. He will now lose what she allowed him.

[The marriage between Mr. Wellesley and Miss Long took place only in March, 1812, and at what a rate must the parties have lived that such an estate was wasted! An account of the marriage is inserted in the second volume of the *Register*, page 146. It was magnificent and costly beyond example. The bride's dress, that is, her frock, cost \$3,500! her bonnet \$500! her veil 1000!!! The wedding favours distributed were 800, and each cost a guinea and a half. The bride's necklace cost about \$125,000!!! and her ear-rings were of great value. But her wealth took wings and flew. She died poor and her husband is penniless. It is right.—*Nile's Register*.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE.—A man named Wm. Huddleston, aged 21, a native of Dutchess co. (N. Y.) has been exhibited at Brooklyn, in that State, on account of his extraordinary leg. Five years ago his right leg began to grow, and has continued gradually to enlarge, and is now two feet six inches in circumference! His left leg is just beginning to grow in like manner. His body does not participate in this growth, but, on the contrary, is impaired by it. His case is beyond the reach of the faculty.—*N. Y. a.*

NINETEENTH CONGRESS.

FIRST SESSION.

IN SENATE.

MONDAY, Dec. 19, 1825.

The following Select Committees were announced as having been appointed by the Chair, pursuant to the resolutions adopted on Thursday last:

On Amending the Constitution—Messrs. Benton, Van Buren, Dickerson, Holmes, Johnson of Ken., Hayne, Macon, White, Findlay.

On the Organization of the Executive Departments—Messrs. Seymour, Bell, Rovvan, Branch, Cobb.

The following petition was presented and referred:

By Mr. Chandler, the petition of Benjamin Porter, and others, who served during the Revolutionary War, and were paid in depreciated currency. They pray Congress to make good the pay they were promised.

Agreeably to notice, Mr. Dickerson asked, and having obtained leave, introduced the following resolution; which was read, and passed to a second reading:

Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, two thirds of both Houses concurring, That the following amendment to the Constitution of the United States be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States; and which, when ratified by the Legislatures of three fourths of the States shall be valid, to all intents and purposes, as part of the said Constitution. "No person who shall have been elected President of the United States a second time, shall again be eligible to that office."

Mr. Cobb submitted the following Resolution:

Resolved, That the Committee appointed on Thursday last to inquire into the expediency of amending the Constitution of the United States, in relation to the mode of electing the President and Vice President, be further instructed to inquire into the expediency of so amending the Constitution as to prohibit the appointment of any Senators or Representatives in Congress to any office of honor, trust, or profit, under the authority of the United States, during the period for which such Senators or Representatives shall have been elected.

TUESDAY, Dec. 20.

Mr. Hayne presented the Petition of the surviving officers of the Revolutionary Army of the States of Rhode Island, New-York, New-Jersey, and South Carolina, stating that they have never received the compensation stipulated as a reward for their Revolutionary services; and moved its reference to the Committee of Claims.

THURSDAY, Dec. 22.

The following select committee was announced as having been appointed by the Chair:

On the Petition of the Revolutionary Officers—Messrs. Mills, Hayne, Smith, Macon, and Harrison.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

MONDAY, Dec. 13.

Petitions were presented by Mr. Kidder and Mr. Sprague, of Maine.

On motion of Mr. McLean, of Ohio, it was *Resolved*, That the Committee on Military Pensions be instructed to inquire into the expediency of allowing to Col. Robert Patterson of the State of Ohio, an officer engaged in the service of the United States during the Revolutionary war, a pension, to commence on the 5th November, 1783, on which day he received a wound, which disabled him from manual labour, in an engagement with the Indians.

TUESDAY, Dec. 20.

WESTERN ARMY.

The House then took up the unfinished business of Friday, which was the question whether the joint resolution proposed by Mr. Blair, to direct a survey of the waters of East Tennessee, with view to the location of a National Armory together with the amendment thereto proposed by Mr. Marable, for extending the examination to the waters of the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers, should be referred to the Committee on Military Affairs.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 21.

On motion of Mr. Lincoln, the memorial of many unprovided Revolutionary Soldiers of the State of Massachusetts, on the subject of Revolutionary claims, with the accompanying documents, was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs.

THURSDAY, Dec. 22.

Mr. Alston, of North Carolina submitted the following:

Resolved, That a Committee be appointed to inquire into the expediency of altering the election laws of the several States so as to provide that no election shall take place for Members of the House of Representatives of the United States until the term of service has expired for which they had been elected.

The resolution was agreed to, and the following gentlemen were appointed a committee accordingly:

Mr. Alston, Mr. Sloane, Mr. Owen, Mr. Carter, Mr. Herrick, Mr. Pearce, and Mr. Marvin.

On the motion of Mr. Herrick, of Maine, it was

Resolved, That the Committee on Commerce be instructed to inquire into the expediency of remunerating Isaac Pool for his services and services in recapturing the schooner Evergreen and her cargo from a piratical crew, and bringing said crew to trial, by allowing him a sum, to be paid out of the Treasury of the United States, not exceeding the amount of dues collected on said cargo, and that the papers on the files of the House relating to that subject be referred to said committee.

AN ENGRAVED BILL "MAKING APPROPRIATIONS FOR THE PAYMENT OF THE REVOLUTIONARY AND OTHER PENSIONERS OF THE UNITED STATES;" AND THE ENGRAVED BILL "AUTHORIZING THE STATE OF OHIO TO SELL THE LANDS HERETOFORE APPROPRIATED FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS WITHIN THAT STATE, AND FOR OTHER PURPOSES;" WERE SEVERAL READING A THIRD TIME, PASSED, AND SENT TO THE SENATE.

FRIDAY, Dec. 23.

On the motion of Mr. Biddle, certain petitions referred at the last session to the Committee on Pensions and Revolutionary Claims, and not finally acted on, were again referred to the Committee on Military Pensions.

On motion of Mr. Eastman of N. H. it was *Resolved*, That the Committee on Military Pensions be instructed to inquire whether it would not be expedient so to amend the existing laws that all the surviving officers and soldiers, who served three months or more, at one time, in the war of the Revolution,

shall have a right to be placed on the pension roll; and whether it would not be expedient to provide that each of those who served twelve months or more should have, as a full pension, a sum less than that which is now paid as a full pension; and that those who served a time not less than three months, but not twelve, shall draw a sum bearing the same proportion to a full pension that the time they served bears to a year.

FOREIGN.

LATE NEWS FROM JAVA.

We received last evening, (says the *Salem Gazette* of the 20th ult.) from an attentive correspondent at Batavia, a letter from which we extract the following interesting particulars of the state of that country, in relation to the late disturbances, arising from the rebellion of the natives. The letter was by the ship Clay, which, as mentioned below, arrived at Boston yesterday.

BATAVIA, Sept. 18, 1825.

"You will have seen accounts of the rebellion in the central districts of this Island; no battle of note or serious effect has yet been fought, but we learn that the Generals De Rock and Van Gein with their united forces intend to bring the insurgents to action as soon as movements can be made to concentrate the rebels, for which purpose the former General will move towards Samarang from Djocjocarta and the latter from Samarang towards Djocjocarta, with the troops under their command, which we regret to say are few in numbers; if the Dutch conquer in a general engagement, the rebellion may be considered put down; the reverse will be dreadful to the Europeans and their descendants, and the Chinese, in the part of the island now the scene of war, if the natives follow up the victory with vigour.

In point of numbers the insurgents are probably 10 or 20 to 1 of the Europeans, and far outnumber the native soldiers in the Dutch service.

Since my residence in Java the military force has never been so small as at present. The Macassar war, the troubles at Borneo and Padang, together with garrisoning Bencoolen, lately taken over, have drawn off more than half the European soldiers destined to protect the island.

At present there are no symptoms of revolt west of Cheribon, or as far east as Sourabaya. Of course we are under no apprehensions of danger at present in or about this district; should the spirit of rebellion show itself immediately around us we shall have warning in good season: the general opinion is that Batavia is safe let the worst happen. All citizens are under drill and martial law, and perform guard duty at the several posts. We muster about 20 companies of infantry, 2 of horse and 2 of artillery, all uniformed and well armed and equipped. Of regular troops there are probably 150 efficient men; our usual garrison is 1500 to 2000; but the difference is drawn off to other and more exposed positions.

We have rumours constantly floating to us of affairs at the eastward and it is difficult to get at facts. The government press is not free, as they do not publish ill tidings, but sometimes good are exaggerated.

The Resident of Faya in a summary manner hung the native Regent of that district, no doubt induced so to do by proof of his guilt; after the execution the Resident asked for orders for the act from our amiable General, who is too kind to the wicked, sometimes, as was your President Monroe, to pirates.

The troubles have driven some merchants from this city, and have certainly reduced the little spirit of commercial enterprise the government left us, to a low state, and it is probable Batavia has seen its best state, at any rate for many years to come.

Coffee is very abundant and but in little demand; prices \$14 a 14 1-2 per pikul on shore, say \$17 1-4 currency on board.

Spanish Dollars 25 a 28 per ct. Doubloons 16 a 20 dollars each.

Imports of almost every description, more particularly those usually shipped from the U. S. are almost unsaleable and when a parcel is realized, but about 50 per cent. of the cost is obtained.

SATURDAY, Dec. 21.

STR. 21. I have but little to add to the above. A week since the Dutch forces offered battle near Samarang to about 10 or 1200 of the disaffected natives: but the latter retired and the Dutch returned to Samarang. From

circumstances I am led to believe an action of importance will soon take place. All continues quiet this side of Cheribon, and the natives in arms perform nothing; in the central districts, European, those attached to their interest become more tranquil.

FROM SPAIN.

The brig *Merced*, at New-York, from Cadiz, brought to the 19th Nov.

The Spanish ship *Sabina*, arrived at Cadiz on the 7th ult. 185 days from Manila, having on board thirty officers who belonged to the frigate Asia and brig Aquiles.

The anniversary of the accession of Charles to the Throne of France, was celebrated at Cadiz, on the 4th ult. by a grand salute; a solemn mass in the morning at which the French authorities assisted, a general review, a splendid dinner by General Vicount Gudin, and, (as a winding up,) by a splendid ball, at the Marquis of Pachac's French Consul General, at which, were upwards of three hundred persons.

CANTZ, Nov. 15. Extract of a private letter, dated the 4th instant:—

"Mississauga sustains and defends itself valiantly.—

Several Austrian vessels have been taken by the Greeks. The brig *Severa*, one of our best vessels, on her return from Smyrna with thirty Turkish passengers, fell in with an armed Greek vessel. An engagement ensued, in which she was captured, the crew put to the sword and the brig sunk. Only three of the Turkish passengers were preserved in the hope of obtaining a large ransom for them.

FRIDAY, Dec. 23.

On the motion of Mr. Biddle, certain petitions

referred at the last session to the Committee on Pensions and Revolutionary Claims, and not finally acted on, were again referred to the Committee on Military Pensions.

On motion of Mr. Eastman of N. H. it was

Resolved, That the Committee on Military Pensions be instructed to inquire whether it would not be expedient so to amend the existing laws that all the surviving officers and soldiers, who served three months

FROM THE PACIFIC.

An arrival at Baltimore, from Chagres has brought advices from Lima to the 1st of October.

The United States squadron under Commodore Hull, was lying at Charillos, all well. President Bolivar continued in Upper Peru. The Spanish General Rodil still defended Callao; but it was still reported, that preparations were making by his besiegers to carry the place by storm. The Colombian sloop of war *Pinchincha*, on approaching near the batteries, was totally disabled but escaped capture. The Patriots continued in the hope soon to starve Rodil into a surrender.

The accounts from Panama are to the 26th October, at which time there were said to be 15,000 Colombian troops there. Several additional thousands were expected.—Preparations were making at *Portobello* to transport troops to Cartagena, to join the expedition fitting there against Cuba.—*Bost. Cent.*

INVASION OF THE SPANISH ISLANDS.

Accounts of preparations making in Colombia and Mexico, for attacks on Porto Rico and Cuba, continue to be circulated or rather echoed; and seem to leave no doubt, that an attempt of the kind will be made. The late success of the Mexicans at *San Juan de Ulua* will probably impart new vigour to their preparation; and calculations are made that the humane treatment and honourable terms granted to that garrison, will not be without effect in Cuba; where the seeds of Revolution have been vegetating for some time; and where the Mexicans expect to be opposed by no other than the regular Spanish army. Should an invasion of

the kind be seriously contemplated, the question may be asked, Will the United States be mere lookers on?

The Island of Cuba is a rich and extensive domain.—But becoming an integral part of our Union its value and importance would be more extensively increased, than it would by belonging to any other State—from the contiguity of territory, long habits of commercial intercourse, and if we have not been misinformed, from preferences in favour of North American Policy and habits.—*Ib.*

SURRENDER OF CASTLE ST. JEAN.

The particulars of the surrender of the important Spanish fortress of *San Juan de Ulua* to the Mexicans, have been received. It appears, that the brave garrison, under Gen. Copper, held out to the last extremity, and were admitted to a capitulation highly honourable to both parties. The garrison, which consisted of 500 men (some accounts say 1200) were reduced by famine and scurvy to 150, some say 50 men; and for two months were reduced to the strait of eating rats. In this extremity flag of truce was sent to the castle, on the 9th Nov. offering a capitulation. Gen. Copper returned for answer, that he could not leave the castle, but would receive the Mexican General, Barreiro, or any Commissioners he might send, to agree on the terms of capitulation. Accordingly on the 11th three Commissioners went from Vera Cruz, repaired to the castle and remained there several hours.—It was proposed by Copper, that he would surrender the garrison if not promptly relieved within the month; in the meantime that the garrison should be furnished daily, with fresh provisions. These terms were refused by Barreiro, who would grant no longer delay than 48 hours, counting from noon on the 13th, and that during that time he would supply the garrison with provisions.—This being assented to on the part of Copper, the articles were signed, and the provisions sent. The Spaniards were to leave the place with the honours of war, land at Vera Cruz, and be transported to Havana in Mexican vessels. The treaty was honourably executed by the Mexican authorities, and the place taken possession of by the Mexican troops. One of the stipulations was, that all neutral vessels arriving with intent to supply the garrison, should be exempt from seizure for forty days; and an American schooner, Capt. Lane, having arrived after the Mexicans had taken possession, was seized by the garrison, but was afterwards released by order of the Mexican authorities. This early surrender is attributed to the vigilance of the Mexican squadron, in preventing any supplies being thrown into the castle.—*Ib.*

DOMESTIC.

RIOT IN BOSTON.

The "Literary Emporium" has evinced very sensitive feelings with respect to their "morals," as will be seen by the following account of the recent riot, in that city, copied from the *Boston Gazette*.—Kean, no doubt, is not the most virtuous of men; but we imagine that if the *peaceable* folks in Boston meant to exclude all actors, except those who are strictly moral, their boards will be quite full.

The appearance of Mr. Kean last night was accompanied by acts of disorder and violence hitherto unknown to our stage. Some time before the hour of performance the house was thronged, and thousands were outside anxious to gain admission, or to know his fate before the curtain. Mr. Finn, one of the managers, came on the stage and stated that Mr. Kean was in the Theatre, and asked permission to make a humble apology. He was received with hisses, and loud cries of "No Kean" on the one hand, and "Hear him" on the other. He retired amidst "dumb show and noise," and was succeeded by Kean himself, who appeared before the audience, and by the most humble and submissive deportment besought a hearing—his cheek colourless, and his whole frame convulsed with agitation. In vain did he essay to speak; the tumult was kept up, and, for ought we saw, the manager was compelled to endure a storm of pitiless aspersions. *Samuel Learard*, a man who had given frequent evidence of his ferocity of temper, and had before attempted to destroy his own life by taking laudanum, completed the work upon himself and his wife in a few moments. He had unjustly entertained jealous and hostile feelings towards his wife and his neighbours for some time, and it was said had threatened to kill her. On the evening previous to the act, in consequence of an intimation from him that he would "soon end their troublous," she was induced to get his brother's house to lodger. He had prepared himself to commit the deed that night. In the morning he went to his brother's and very pleasantly entreated him to go home, to which she consented, and returning to his house, he approached her unawares, and gave her several fatal blows upon the head, with a axe, beating in one side of the face and jaw; he then cut his own throat with a razor and fell upon her. A infant child was lying in a cradle in the same room, and a daughter 11 years old upon the bed, who both witnessed the scenes, ran for assistance. He was soon taken to a hospital, and was in easy circumstances as to property. The bodies were interred on Friday, upon which occasion the Rev. Mr. Sprague delivered an affecting discourse to a very large assembly of persons.—*Salem Gazette.*

heard before being driven from the stage, and this seemed to have a momentary influence, but soon yielded to the spirit of discord. Mr.

Kilner finding speech inarticulate, retired, and in the course of a few minutes exhibited a placard to the audience, on one side of which were the words, Mr. Kean declines playing; on the other, shall the play go on without him? Alternate hisses and acclamations succeeded.—Kean, it was said, had left the Theatre, and the curtain soon drew up to the performance of Richard the Third—Richard, Mr. Finn, Kilner, as King Henry, farew no better than before, and Mr. Finn was received with the tumultuous outcry of "Off, Off—Kean, Kean"—nothing but the motion of his lips being understood. Having despatched King Henry in the same inexplicable dumb show, some one called Mr. Finn aside to the boxes, and by request, the actor retired, the curtain dropped, and the performance was suspended.

"We regret to state that the affair did not stop here. Kean having left the Theatre, pelted as it were from the stage, it was supposed the audience would have permitted him to retire without the renewal of disorder. A sudden rush from the assemblage without, however, bore down all opposition—the doors leading to the boxes were shivered to atoms, the box doors demolished, chandeliers destroyed, windows smashed, and every thing within reach of the rioters fell a prey to their lawless violence. A part of the audience fled for security behind the scenes, and many escaped from the windows, rather than hazard an encounter with the mob in front of the house. This disgraceful scene had scarcely subsided as our paper was going to press."

Creek India Treaty. By the National Intelligencer of the 20th ult. we learn that in the junction of secrecy on the proceedings of the Senate in relation to the ratification of the treaty made in February, 1825, at the Indian Springs, has been removed by a vote of that body; and on Thursday, Dec. 15th, an order was passed directing the Secretary of the Senate to furnish the Senators or Representatives with extracts from the Executive Records of the Senate in relation to the subject. The Intelligencer also contains the documents which accompanied the Message of President Monroe, transmitting the treaty for ratification. The following was the vote ratifying the treaty:

YEAS—Messrs. Barbour, Bell, Benton, Bouligny, Brown, Clayton, Cohl, Dickerson, Eaton, Edwards, Elliott, Findlay, Gaillard, Hayne, Holmes of Maine, Holmes of Miss., Johnson of Ken., Johnston of Lou., Kelley, King of Alab., Lanman, Ledyard of Md., Loyal of Mass., Lowrie, McElvaine, McLean, Macon, Mills, Parrott, Ruggles, Seymour, Smith, Tazewell, Thomas, Van Buren, Van Dyke, Williams.—<i

THE OBSERVER.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1826.

New Year's Address.

The flood of Time sweeps rapidly along,
And daily buries 'neath its envious waves,
Some monument of frail humanity;
Yet we, poor mortals, cheated by its murmurs,
Secure and thoughtless, stand upon its banks
Till some huge mass of moments disappearing
In its tide, to rise no more, awakens thought;
And vanish'd years, like the Egyptian pillar,*
Mark the inounding of the mighty Nile.

There's something sad and solemn in the thought
Of days gone by forever, though they bear
None else but fond and joyful recollections;
Yet there are few, perhaps, but live to mourn—
Some friend belov'd laid in the silent grave;—
Some friendship buried;—Some "tide of fortune,"
Miss'd;—Some dazzling dream of fancied greatness
Wak'd by stern reality;—Some bright gleam
Of bland prosperity, that broke perchance
From out misfortune's cloud, withdrawn again;—
Some sweet bud of love—of confidence,
Chill'd as it open'd by cold unkindness;
Or causer'd by insidious deceit.—
These are a few of the long list of woes
"That flesh is heir to," and that every year
Sees visited on some one. Maugre all;
Where is the wretch, so wicked or forlorn,
That from his heart, can say he has less cause
For gratitude than sorrow?

Rosy health, sweet peace and smiling plenty
Have o'er our land scatter'd their choicest goods;
And the last year, with many former ones,
Has been most joyous. While our sister continent
Has seen her plains bedew'd with patriot blood,
Her bosom torn, her golden mountains stain'd,
In strife for independence.—While Europe's states
Have shown their love of freedom but to find
Their galling chains more closely riveted.—
While sons of Greece, oppres'd to that degree
Beyond which human nature cannot bear,
Have sprung elastic on their Tyrant's base,
And martyrs died by thousands—we have sat
Scorre and feasted on the sweets of Liberty—
While scarce a cloud has speck'd our horizon.
And our young State has still been prosperous.
Many an opening has this year been clear'd
In our deep forests;—Many a cottage rear'd,
Where late wild fowls and savage animals
Alone sound dwellings—Bridges have been flung
Across our generous rivers;—Roads cut
Among our mountains;—Temples erected
To that high God's pure worship, who gives us
All things;—And many a Fane to science rear'd,
Though humble, where the seeds of good are sown,
Which may ere long spring up to golden fruit;—
These speak aloud of our prosperity.
And as for plenty, mark but our well-fil'd barns,
Our heap'd-up granaries; and think upon
The offering, that of late smok'd on our boards,
When, as was practis'd by our Sires of old,
We set apart a day for gratitude.

Happy, thrice happy be the coming year
To you, ye friends and patrons, to our State,
Our Country. May Trade and Commerce flourish,
And be old ocean whiten'd by our sails;
And not a breeze but waft some rich fraught bark
Home to our smiling ports, with products rich
Of other climes, exchang'd for those of ours.
But most of all let Agriculture flourish,
The first of objects in a land like ours;
And with it the useful Arts Mechanic;
And Manufactures, not ashamed'd to vie
With those of older climes.

May our Statesmen
Pursue with steady aim, their country's good,
Nor sway'd by interest, nor by party blind.
And, oh! that loud declaimers, such as throng
Taverns and tippling-houses vile; and talk
So long and feelingly of public wrongs,
And public men, feeding their scandal,
Ever and anon, with the full bumper.
Oh! that such ones would spend their idle time,
And noisy breath, in reading Hist'ry's pages,
And there be taught, blushing taught, if reason
Fails to teach them, that virtue in a people
Is the best safeguard of a country's rights.

May our Lawyers
Plead eloquently injur'd Virtue's cause,
And gain a generous fee from heaven,
As well as grateful men.

May our Physicians,
Not content with visiting sick couches,
And ministering a few poor simple drugs,
(Though that were high and bless'd humanity,)
Look deep through nature's forms, and nature's laws,
These wide fields for vast discoveries, as yet
Not half explor'd; and gain immortal names.

May our Ministers
Turn many wand'ring souls from paths of vice,
To wisdom's pleasant and delightful ways;
And win them heavenly crowns that never fade.
May our Country's sons
Be all as fix'd in principle, and firm
In patriotism, as are the mountains
That around them tower sublime; have minds
Expansive as the sunbeams; and lofty
As the cedars in their vales.

All cannot well be ver'd in learned lore,
Or science all; but all may cultivate
The mind's bestow'd by bounteous Heaven.

* *Nylometer.*

Who does not envy the blithe Husbandman?
Cradled, as 't were, on Nature's flowry lap,
And nurst'd from her pure bosom. Ev'ry hour
Beholding her sublime and lovely works.
O, what a field for meditation deep!
For beauteous nature's ev'ry study.
She meets his 'raptur'd eye where'er it turns,
Whether on earth, with flow'rs and insects
Teeming, and rich in countless minerals,
Or in the air, or the pellucid stream,
Or starry sky that canopies above him.

Nor is it hard to rise at early morn,
Awak'd, perchance, by cheerful songs of birds,
And toll the livelong day, mod'rately toil,
As Adam us'd in Paradise; gaining
A relish keen for food and balmy sleep.
How delightful to watch the progress bland
Of vegetation, each hour maturing.
And then how sweet, when mellow Autumn comes,
To gaze on golden fields, and proudly think
This was, by Heaven's permitting, my own work.
How grateful too, to gather the first fruit
From trees of our own planting. These are scenes
That make us patriots.

And the long Winter evenings Farmers have,
Though cold the days and manifold the duties,
How calm and peaceful; what delightful time
For reading, contemplation, social chat.
Now is the season for the NEWSPAPER,
And pleas'd he reads of what is going on,
In the great world; while his trim, tidy wife
Her needle plies, and keeps the "hearth-stone clean."

You, ye lovely fair ones,
Cannot all be Ladies, if by that term
Were meant to live in indolence and ease,
While cringing slaves attend upon your back;
But you may gain a higher, nobler meed
Than rank or station ever could bestow.
Be votaries of Virtue. Woo the Graces,
Not so much to guide your movements
In the dance, or lend upon your steps in public,
As to gild and polish the performance
Of ev'ry humble duty. Emulate
Who, like ancient Sarah, can best prepare
The wheaten cake for friend or stranger born;
Or like Rebecca's savoury meat prepare;
Or Rachel like draw water from the well.
And let no fair one scorn the useful loom,
Grae'd once by labours of Penelope—
Nor yet the useful spinning wheel,
At which Lucretia look'd so beautiful.

Spurn not, ye lovely ladies of the Ton,
My humble strains; nor yet the lowly maid
My fancy fondly pictures so well skill'd
In household arts, lovely though useful.
Scorn not; for were she beautiful as thought,
And fair as poets' dreams, and better knew
Than old Themistocles to make
A small store great; still did she lack one thing
Till now not mention'd—did she lack a mind,
A cultivated mind, firmly stay'd
On VIRTUE and RELIGION—she might be
Rustic, a dairy maid, or whate'er
Your fancy pleas'd—but never maid for me.
This gives the brightest glow to youthful charms.
The grand restorer when those charms are fled.
The strongest stay on fortune's dizzy heights:
The firm supporter in misfortune's vale.

SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT.—The January term of this Court, for this County, commenced its session on Tuesday last. Present—Chief Justice MELEK. His charge to the Grand Jury was, as usual, clear, definitive and conspicuous. And what, in our opinion, added much to its importance, was that it comprehended chiefly the enumeration and definition of those crimes and offences most usually committed against the laws and peace of society. We would not be understood, that the higher offences were not taken into consideration by the Judge; but we never could conceive the benefit of going into a thorough definition of the crime of *Treason*, or *Misprision of Treason*, it being a crime of that nature, as was well remarked in the charge of which we are speaking, that "the people of this State have no inclination to commit." In our humble opinion the time is much better employed in noticing the duties of *Grand Juries*, in seeing that the laws are duly enforced as it respects Highways, Schools, and many other things, perhaps of minor importance.

OLD SOLDIERS.—Agreeably to notice heretofore published in this paper, sixty-two of those venerable Old Soldiers of the Revolution, who once fought the battles of their country, met in this village, and with those hands, that poised the musket in defence of their country's rights, and so gloriously achieved our Independence, which have now become palsied by age, signed a Petition to be presented to Congress, praying for some compensation for their services in 'days gone by.' To see them, now just upon the verge of time, their white locks just ready to drop into the grave: to see them take their crutches—to bear them talk of 'other years,' and fight their battles o'er again, were sublime and instructive lessons.—Some of them by their 'scars' bore ample testimony of the service of their Country, and told that they had seen 'the days that tried men's souls.'

The Petition was drawn up by STEPHEN EMERY, Esq., which for elegance of style and purity of diction, would do honour to any literary gentleman. We hope to procure a copy, and have the pleasure of laying it before our readers in our next.

NANTUCKET BANKS.—The Pacific and Phoenix Banks at Nantucket, have both stopped payment. There is a hope, however, they will ultimately redeem their Bills.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.—We have been furnished by our friends with three New Year's Addresses. Had we the privilege, we would with great pleasure insert all of them; but the one we give our readers to-day has received the preference of the gentlemen selected to judge of their several merits.—The writer will perceive there are a few lines omitted.

FOXROFT ACADEMY.—The Postmaster of this town has placed in our hands a Catalogue of the Officers and Students of this Academy, furnished him through the politeness of J. STUART HOLMES, Esq.—It is but a few years since, the place now called Foxcroft, was a wilderness; now it is a flourishing town, and has an Academy of 62 Scholars.—The Trustees are Hon. William Emerson, Hon. Daniel Wilkins, Hon. Joseph Kelsey, Rev. Thomas Williams, John Bradbury, Esq. Samuel Chamberlain, Esq. James S. Holmes, Esq. Col. Joshua Carpenter, Samuel McClanahan, Esq. Jason Hassell, Esq. Thomas Davies, Esq. Oliver Crosby, Esq. Elder Nathaniel Robinson, and Samuel Whitney. Charles Parsons Chandler, A. B. Preceptor.

PYROLIGNEOUS ACID OR ESSENCE OF SMOKE.—We have made trial of this new way of smoking Bacon, and found it far superior to the old methods of hanging it up in the chimney—making a smoke with cobs, in the oven—or putting it into the smoke-house. The essence of smoke gives it an agreeable flavour, and can be procured at a moderate expense. We would recommend it, at least, to all who make their own bacon, as the cheapest and easiest method of making that which is good and well smoked. It is prepared by Mr. LEWIS M. NORTON, of Gorham, in Connecticut; and sold by Messrs. Frothingham & Reeves, Druggists, Portland.

On wings that shall waft thee to bliss,
From a sorrowful world hast thou flown.
The tears that so oft wet thy cheek,
From their fountains have ceased to pour—
Those grief-swollen eyes are now clos'd,
Are clos'd to be open no more!
The tale of thy woes hath an end—
Sad tale that ceased with thy breath;
Those lips that reheat'd them are seal'd,
Are seal'd with the finger of Death.

DEAR PHEBE! we bid thee adieu—
Thine absence we dare not bemoan;
On wings that shall waft thee to God,
From a sorrowful world hast thou flown.

[Communicated.]

A NEW AND BRILLIANT SCHEME.

GRAND STATE LOTTERY,

FIFTH CLASS—NEW SERIES,

WILL positively be drawn in Providence, on the 14th of this month, 60 numbers—Combination—eight numbers to be drawn.

1	Prize of \$10,000	is	\$10,000
1	" "	5,000	5,000
1	" "	3,000	3,000
1	" "	2,000	2,000
10	" "	1,000	10,000
15	" "	500	7,500
1	" "	418	418
26	" "	100	2,600
52	" "	50	2,600
156	" "	20	3,120
1248	" "	6	7,483
10,603	" "	3	34,824
12,120	Prizes.		\$85,550
22,100	Blanks.		
	Price—Wholes, \$3.00—Quarters, 87 1/2 cents.		

For further particulars inquire at the OXFORD BOOKSTORE, Jan. 5.

Nantucket & Kennebec Bills

TAKEN at par for TICKETS in the CUMBERLAND & OXFORD CANAL.

Those who wish to save the advance on Tickets will forward their orders previous to the tenth of January.

Call where the Prizes are sold.

E. SHAW.

Portland, Dec. 27.

79

NOTICE.

THE subscriber having purchased the Right of the Improved VETRICAL SPINNER, for the County of Oxford, except the town of Paris, now offers for sale, in single shares or by towns.

The Machine is of very simple construction, and the expense of making it moderate. It occupies no more room than a common spinning wheel, and will, with the same labour, produce, at least, three times as much yarn.

JOHN BONNEY.

Paris, Jan. 5.

A LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Post-Office at Paris, January 1st, 1826.

Joseph Baxter, Jr.—Alanson Briggs—Isaac Bolster, Jr.—Chauncey Bonney.

Isaac Cummings—Daniel McClane—Miss Louisa Clark, 2—Bartholomew Cushman—Peter Chase.

Daniel Dunn, 2—Samuel Deering.

Ziba Frost—John Fogg.

William Hutchins.

Richard Lamb.

Col. H. R. Parsons—Jacob Pain.

Edmond Rogers—Col. William Ryerson, 2—Major Joel Robinson—Miss Margaret Russell—Nathaniel Russell.

Mrs. Sarah Stevens—Miss Hannah Stereotype.

Asa Woodbury—William Walcott—Isaiah Whittemore.

RUSSELL HUBBARD, P. M.

79

J. HASKELL,

Middle-street, (two doors from Exchange-street.)

PORTLAND,

HAS just received a Large Stock of GOODS in his line:—AMONG THEM ARE—

Colored and Natural

Fur and Hair Seal CAPS.

NUTRA & CLOTH CAPS.

Ladies' Beaver Bonnets.

White, Black, Drab and Fancy

OSTRICH PLUMES.

OSTRICH AND FUR TRIMMING.

SEAL COLLARS.

Seal Gloves and Moccasons.

SUPERFINE, FINE AND LOW PRICED

HATS.

ALSO—A few Bales

BUFFALO ROBES.

(The above are of superior quality and are offered

VERY LOW.

Nov. 22.—2m 74

DRAWING ANNOUNCED!

THE CUMBERLAND & OXFORD CANAL LOTTERY will be drawn on the 25th of this month.

Persons in want of

\$5000—\$3000—\$1000—\$500—\$200—

\$100—\$50—

or smaller sums, would find it to their advantage to call immediately at the

OXFORD BOOKSTORE,

PRICE—Wholes \$4 50—Quarters \$1 25—Eighths 65

cents.

Jan. 5.

WOOD WANTED.

THOSE of our Subscribers who have engaged us

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

GREECE.

Rush on "to the combat," ye sons of the brave!
Make sure of your freedom, your lost country save!
Fight, fight for your country, your children and wives,
War on for your liberty, freedom and lives.

Sound, sound loud the trumpet of freedom again!
Bid Turkey defiance—not mourn o'er the slain;
Let nothing obstruct, and no carnage appal,
But "swear you'll be freemen or be not at all!"

Shall proud Turkish tyrants give Greeks their laws?
And will not kind heaven give success to your cause?
Yes, gird on your armour, maintain and be brave—
Success will attend you, your country you'll save.

Ye brave sons of Sparta! remember the deeds
Your fathers accomplish'd—elicit the seeds
Of such mighty valour—the vict'ry you'll gain,
And peace and prosperity smile o'er the slain.

Let Turks and Egyptians combine to defeat—
And forces on forces their destiny meet;
Let Pachas and Princes unite under the
To finish the slavery they long since begun:

They're engag'd against right, and shall never pro-
vail;

If Grecians unite, all their forces must fail:
Then on "to the combat," rush on like a flood,
Thro' thy banner be stain'd in the proud tyrants' blood.

The sons of Columbia know what is your case—
They, once drank the cup of tyrannical grace:
Now, freed from their shackles, they long for to see
Your deep enslav'd country declare herself free.

They know the sore trials you're forc'd to surmount;
The deeds of your valour with pleasure recount:
Then pattern from them—keep up courage nor fear,
Still hope for the best, while you still persevere.

The tyrannic chains, you have strove to evade,
And courage has mark'd every step you have made—
We still can but hope the proud tyrants will soon
Be forc'd to grant Grecians the freedom they've won.

Fall many a heart beats in fear for your fate,
And longs to behold you begin to be great;
Then stretch every nerve, and your motto this call—
"That you will be freemen or be not at all!"

EDWIN.

THE REPOSITORY.

FROM SCHOLCRAFT'S TRAVELS.

Observations and Translations, attesting the ex-
istence of Imaginative Tales and Oral
Poetry among the Chippewas.

THE FUNERAL FIRE.

A small war-party of Chippewas encountered their enemies upon an open plain, where a severe battle was fought. Their leader was a brave and distinguished warrior, but he never acted with greater bravery, or distinguished himself for a greater personal prowess than now. After turning the tide of battle against his enemies, and while shouting for victory, he received an arrow in his breast, and fell dead upon the plain. No warrior thus killed is ever buried; and, according to ancient custom, he was placed in a sitting posture upon the field, his back supported by a tree, and his face towards the course in which their enemies had fled. His head-dress and equipments were accurately adjusted, as if living, and his bow leaned against his shoulder. In this posture his companions left him. A fate, which appeared so evident to all, proved, however, deceptive in the result. Although deprived of utterance and ability to move, he heard distinctly all that had been said by his friends. He heard them lament his death without the power of contradicting it; and he felt their torch, as they adjusted his posture, without the strength to resist it. His anguish, when he felt himself thus abandoned, was raised to the extreme; and his wish to follow his friends on their return, so completely filled his mind, when he saw them, one after another, take leave of the corpse and depart, that, after making a violent exertion, he arose or seemed to rise, and followed them; and this gave new cause for the surges of disappointment, and rage which alternately filled his breast. He followed their track, however, with great difficulty. Wherever they went, when they ran, he ran; when they walked, he walked; when they encamped, he encamped; when they slept, he slept; when they awoke, he awoke. In short, he mingled in all their labours and toils; but he was excluded from all their sources of refreshment, except that of sleeping; and from the pleasures of participating in their conversation; for all he said was unattended to.

"It is impossible," he exclaimed, "that you do not see me—that you do not hear me—that you do not understand me? will you suffer me to bleed to death, without offering to staunch my wounds? will you permit me to starve in the midst of plenty? have those whom I have so often led to war, so soon forgotten me? is there no one who recollects me, or who will offer me a morsel of food in my distress? Thus he continued to upbraid his friends, at every stage of the journey, but no one seemed to hear his words; or, if they heard his voice, they mistook its sound for the winds of summer whistling among the green leaves.

At length the returning war-party reached the village; and their women and children came out according to custom to welcome their return, and proclaim their praises, *Kumaujeewa!* *Kumaujeewa!* (they went, fought, and conquered) was shouted every month, and resounded through the distant part of the village. Those who best friends came early to inquire their health, to know whether they did like men. The aged father consoled himself for the loss, with the reflection that he had no family, and the widow half forgot her own pride that were uttered of bravery of her departed husband. The youth glowed with martial ardour as they heard those flattering praises, and

children joined in shouts of which they scarcely knew the meaning. But amidst all this uproar and bustle, no one seemed conscious of the presence of the wounded warrior-chief. He heard many inquiries of his own fate—he heard them relate how he had fought, conquered, and fallen with an arrow pierced through his breast; and that his body had been left among the slain.

"It is not true," replied the indignant chief, with a loud voice, "that I was killed and left upon the field. I am here! I live! I move—see me! I shall again raise my lance in battle, and sound my drum in the feast." But nobody seemed conscious of his presence, and they mistook his loud voice for the whispering winds. He now walked to his own lodge; he saw his wife within, tearing her hair, and raising her lamentations over his fate; he endeavoured to undeceive her, but she also seemed equally insensible of his presence or his voice; she sat in a despairing manner, with her head inclining upon her hands; he asked her to bind up his wounds, but she made no reply; he then placed his mouth close to her ear, and vociferated, "I am hungry, give me some food."—The wife thought she heard a buzzing in her ear, and remarked it to one who sat near her. The enraged husband, now summoned all his strength, struck her a blow on her forehead. She only complained of feeling a shooting pain there, such as is not unfrequent, and raising her hand to her head, remarked, "I feel a slight headache."

Feiled thus in every attempt to make himself known, the warrior-chief began to reflect upon what he had heard in his youth, that the spirit was sometimes permitted to leave the body and wander about. He reflected that possibly his body may have remained upon the field of battle, while his spirit only accompanied his returning friends.

He determined to return upon their track, although it was four days' journey to the place. He accordingly began his journey immediately. For three days, he pursued his way without meeting any thing uncommon, but on the fourth, towards evening, as he came to the skirts of the battle-field, he saw a fire in the path before him. He walked to one side to avoid stepping into it, but the fire also had removed its position, and was still before him. He then went in another direction, but the mysterious fire still crossed his path and seemed to bar his entrance to the scene of conflict. In short, whichever way he took, the fire was still before him; no expedient seemed capable of eluding it. "Thou demon," he exclaimed, at length, "why dost thou bar my approach to the field of battle? knowest thou not that I am a spirit also, and that I seek again to enter my body? Or dost thou presume that I shall return without effecting my object? Know that I have never been defeated by the enemies of the nation, and will not be defeated by thee?" So saying, he made a sudden effort and jumped through the flame; in this exertion, he awoke from his trance, having lain eight days on the field of battle. He found himself sitting on the ground, with his back supported by a tree, and a bow leaning against his shoulder, having all his warlike dress and implements upon his body, the same as they had been left by his friends on the day of battle. He looked up and behold a large canary, or war-eagle, sitting on the tree above his head. He immediately recognized this bird to be the same he had dreamt of in his youth, and whom he had selected as his guardian spirit, or personal memento. This bird had carefully watched his body, and prevented other ravenous birds from devouring it. He got up and stood some time upon his feet; but he found himself weak and much exhausted. The blood upon his wound had stanch'd itself, and he now bound it up. He possessed the knowledge of such roots as were efficacious for his cure. These he carefully sought in the woods. Some of them he pounded between stones, and applied externally; others he chewed, and swallowed. In a short time, he found himself so much recovered as to be able to commence his journey; but he suffered greatly from hunger, not being able to see any large animals. With his bow and arrows, however, he killed small birds during the day, which he roasted by the fire at night.

In this way he sustained himself until he came to a water that separated his wife and friends from him. He then gave that peculiar whoop which indicates the safe return of an absent friend. The signal was instantly known, and a canoe despatched to bring him across. But while this canoe was absent, conjecture was exhausted itself in designating the unknown person who had given this friendly intimation of his approach. All who were of the war-party had returned, except those who were killed on the field. It might be some neighbouring hunter. It was rash to send a canoe without knowing that any of their friends were absent. In the height of their conjecture, the warrior-chief was lured amidst the shouts of his friends and relations, who thronged from every lodge to welcome their faithful leader. When the first wild burst of wonder and joy had subsided, and some degree of quiet was restored in the village, he related to his people the account of his adventures, which has been given. He then concluded his narration by telling them that it is pleasing to the spirit of a deceased person to have a fire built upon his grave for four nights after his interment; that it is four days' journey to the land appointed for the residence of the spirit; that in its journey thither the spirit goes in need of a fire every night, at the place of its encampment; and that if the friends kindle this funeral fire upon the place where the body was deposited, the spirit had the benefit of its light and warmth in its sojourn. If they neglected this rite, the spirit would itself be subjected to the irksome task of building its own fires.

I called to see him the day before he died. While sitting near him, he asked for a glass of his pure spring water; when he put the glass to his mouth, he said that the water had a bad taste, and then remarked, "that it was time for him to be off when his spring water had turned against him."

VARIETIES.

GENERAL WANTS.

A good name, and a plenty of money.
What we generally get—A sound drubbing by trying to assist a friend out of a scrape.

What the girls want:

A young sweetheart.
What they sometimes get—An anticipated buck somethin' on the wrong side of four or five dozen.

What the merchants want:

To see their goods go off RAPIDLY, and get the Cash for them.

What they sometimes get—A windfall, as Jonny L. ^{peas} did when he sold a lot of goods and took for pay a counterfeit check on the bank.—Consolation—No matter, (said Jonny,) I charged a thumping price for them.

What mechanics want:

As much work as they can do, and the money for it when it is done.

What they too frequently get—A situation in the County building, to settle for the stock they have worked up and trusted out.

What farmers want:

A good crop and a ready market.

What they often get—Quite the reverse.

What we want Ourselves:

Lots of SUBSCRIBERS, and a plenty of ADVERTISEMENTS.

What we generally get—PLAGUISH DISAPPOINTMENT.

SMITH SPEECHES.—The old blunt commander at Cadiz, says Sevier, in his Table Talk, "chewed himself a good orator, who, having something to say to his soldiers (which he was not used to do), made them a speech to the purport:—"What a shame will it be, Englishmen, that feed upon good beef, to let those Spaniards beat you, that eat nothing but oranges and 'lemons.' With this we may class the speech, more remarkable for its spirit than its elegance, addressed by the commandant of a local regiment in Lancashire to a lady, on presenting the colours to his corps—"Madam, we receivin' 'em wif gratitude, and we'll defend 'em wif fortitude; and if ever we are called into actual service, and 'em colors are shot away, we'll bring 'em poles (poles) back again." The noble address of La-Roche Jacquin to his soldiers, is one of the finest specimens of the laconic:—"If I advance, follow me; if I fall, avenge me; if I flinch, kill me."

ANTRIM.—During the election for Governor in Massachusetts, about three years since, the party opposed to Mr. Otis, represented him as a Socinian, and Mr. Fustis as a moderate Calvinist—by which Mr. Otis lost many of the votes at the election.—Meeting Mr. Fustis, one evening on the mall in Boston, during the pendency of the election, Mr. Otis inquired of him how long it was since he had become a moderate Calvinist.—To which Mr. E. replied, that he could not say he was yet entirely satisfied upon all the "five points," but on the important article of ELECTION he had no longer any doubts.

The Innocent Confession.—A young country squire paid his addresses to a lively lass in the village, whose pretty face captivated him so much as to convince him that he could have no happiness in life without her. He succeeded in his suit, and the wedding-day was fixed. The ardent lover thinking the period short as it was, too distant, would have anticipated his felicity, but she turned a deaf ear to his solicitations. At length the tardy interval passed away, the wedding-day arrived, and the loving couple were linked together indissolubly. All his wishes being now consummated, he praised her for the virtuous principle with which she had resisted his importunity, "to confess the truth, (says he,) if you had been foolish enough to grant me any favours before hand, I should certainly never have married you." "I dare say not," (replied the young bride,) but I took good care; I had been too often caught in that way before."

ONWARD.—That the said LIZZIE RICE give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of the Order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Waterford, in said County, on the sixteenth day of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the said Instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last Will and Testament of said deceased.

BLAENAMIN, CHANDLER, Judge.

A true Copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

JOHN K. HALE,

NO. 1.....MITCHELL'S BUILDINGS,
MIDDLE-STREET.....PORTLAND.

HAS just received an Elegant Assortment
of European, India & American

DRY GOODS,

WHICH WILL BE SOLD LOW, for Cash or approved credit.

BLANKETS,

From Twelve to Fourteen Hundred yards of COUNTRY FLANNEL, for which Goods will be given at the lowest Cash Price.

NOTICE.

A LL persons indebted to the subscriber for the postage of Newspapers, are humbly requested to pay the same by the tenth of January next. Their receipts will be left at the respective places where they receive their papers.

PHILIP C. MASON, Printer.

Paris, Dec. 22, 1825.

HOUSE & LAND FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale the Stand which he now occupies—consisting of a good two-story DWELLING-HOUSE, well finished, and in good repair—containing four Rooms on the floor, four Chambers, and a good Cellar. A Wood-House, Barn, and a two-story STORE, all finished. A good rain-water Cistern, and a Well of water under cover. Three-fourths of an acre of LAND, including a Garden, &c.

Also, the West part of Lot numbered 15, in the 6th Range of Lots in Paris, containing fifty-four acres, well walled in, and is excellent grass and tillage Land.

Also, seven small Lots of LAND—containing from ten to twenty-one acres each—a part of which is as good and well wooded as any in town, the other is good pasture and tillage land, and is well fenced on the road. Said Land is a part of Lot numbered 11, in the Fourth Range of Lots in Paris.

Likewise, one and a fourth acres of LAND, situated about three-fourths of a mile from the Court House in Paris, on which is an excellent stream of water, with a good fall, which, with a very little expense, might be converted into one of the best situations for a turner in the County.

The above property will be sold either together or separately, as will best suit the purchaser, and on terms which cannot fail to please. For further information, please call on the subscriber.

A plan of the above property may be seen by calling on ASA BARRETT, Esq. at the *Oxford Hotel*.

RUSSELL BURBARD.

Dec. 20.

PROBATE NOTICES.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, ss.—On the fifteenth day of December, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five.

ELIZABETH RICE, Esq. named Executor in a certain Instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of EZEKIEL ANDERS, late of Waterford, in said County, Yeoman, deceased, having presented the same for Probate:

ONWARD.—That the said LIZZIE RICE give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of the Order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Waterford, in said County, on the sixteenth day of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the said Instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last Will and Testament of said deceased.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.

A true Copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, ss.—On the eighth day of December, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-five.

DAVID BICKNELL, of Helston, named Executor in a certain Instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of JOHN BICKNELL, late of Helston, in said County, Yeoman, deceased, having presented the same for Probate:

ONWARD.—That the said DAVID BICKNELL give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order to be published three weeks successively in the *Oxford Observer*, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Waterford, in said County, on the sixteenth day of January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the said Instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last Will and Testament of said deceased.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.

A true Copy, Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register.

CHARTER OF PROBATE HELD IN PARIS, WITHIN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF OXFORD ON THE FIRST DAY OF NOVEMBER, IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE.

ON the Petition of THOMAS CLARK, Administrator of the estate of LIZZIE RICE, late of Paris, in said County, yeoman, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death, by the sum of two hundred twenty-two dollars and twenty-two cents, and praying for a license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and in payment of his debts.